Social and Personal.

Your to walk among the roses; "Just to walk among the roses; That is all;
Just to see them nodding, bending Of their fragile beauty (anding, Of their scented treasure giving; I can ask no more of living—Just to walk among the roses; That is all."

That is all."

The roses are "a-growing and a-blow-ing" all in the month of June, the American Beauty, the rich-tinted perfume-giving Jacquiminot, the exquisite pink Madame Testout and La France, the lovely climbing "Red Rambler." and the delicious old-fashioned damask roses, associated with the pot-pourri jars of on'e childhood.

Not alone is June the month of roses, while exquisite poppy petals are unfold-

Not alone is June the month of roses, while exquisite poppy petals are unfolding their satiny beauty in garden beds with wonderful variety of form and color. Gathered in early morning, with the dewill glistening in their flower hearts, and placed in flower glasses holding fresh water, they will retain their glow and Ireshness throughout the day and render a parlor or library resplendent with their blaze of color.

blaze of color.

Not less lovely than the popples are the peonies in white, rose and pink and white. Forbes Watson says: "The fully opened flower of a single peony is like the countenance of a living creature."

The woman who has an abundance of seasy blooms in her June garden is the ne woman who has an abundance of eony blooms in her June garden is the irtunate possessor of what, transferred is vases and bowls, will render her ring rooms filled, as with the flush of

de lis in Japanese, Siberian and Spanish varieties; as well as in the more familiar purple and white kinds, is among the most graceful and decorative of the

most graceful and decorative of the June garden spoils. And then the June wild flowers! The woods, brooksides and marshes are fragrant and gay with the sprays of the pink and white honeysuckle, with the white and gold of the daisies, with the languorous perfume of the creamy laurel blossoms gleaming from the dark, shining green of leaf follage, with the spicy smell of the dainty eglantine and the freshness of grape and chinquapin blowing.

the freshness of grape and chimically blowing.

On the mountain slopes the rhododenfiron bells her shaking their pretty fluted
frills and the chestnut's featherly plumes
are giving promise of the glossy brown
nuts, which will be the spoils of ripe
October, the reaper of summer harvests
and summer sweetness and fulness.

Hollywood Memorial Day.

Hollywood Memorial Day.

All of the June flowers in white and red were plucked for the Hollywood Memorial yesterday. Wreaths, bouquets, crosses, anchors, flowers in every cenceivable design, were placed yesterday in the Confederate soldlers and officers section on the slope of the hill, where the evergreen monument rears its head as an undying emblem of the remembrance and love which it symbolizes.

In 1904, as in 1866, groups of womanly figures, laden with baskets of flowers, passed back and forth in the shadow of the monument until when, their task finished, the section and the graves were fresh and sweet with the red and white

cearts of the sleepers awaiting the sound

of the reveille and the final roll call of their great Captain, Christ.

The Davis section, in Hollywood, was especially beautiful yesterday. Flowers were contributed for its decoration by the Hebrew Memorial Society, the Junior Hebrew Society, Oakwood Memorial and the Daughters of the Confederacy in the State of Florida. The design sent by the Hebrew Juniors was in the shape of a heart. The wreath contributed by the Florida Daughters and intended specially for Aliss Winnie Davis's grave was of red and white roses and sweet peas, fringed with ferns. A large and beautiful wreath in crimson and white was sent ful wreath in crimson and white was sent from the gardens at "Brook Fill." The Indies who were present at the Davis section included: Mrs. Chiles Fer-

rall. Mrs. R. A. Patterson, Miss Sallie Anderson, Miss Emlly Armistead and Mrs. A. W. Garber. Other members of the committee were not in Richmond

racted much admiring notice and many comments in regard to them were made by ussers-by. The flags, which added to the floral effect, were donated by the Copeland Company, of Ninth Street, formerly of Buffalo, New York. The kindness and generosity of the firm were greatly appreciated by the ladies.

General J. E. B. Stuart's grave was beautifully decorated with flowers, as

General J. E. B. Stuart's grave was beautifully decorated with flowers, as has always, been the custom. The spirit of enthusiasm displayed yesterday brought to mind the beautiful lines which fitty embody the survival of the spirit which had its first outpouring thirty-eight years ago. The lines say:

"To live in hearts we leave behind

Miss McAdams Graduates.

Miss Louise Brockenbrough McAdams will receive her graduation diploma et the National Cathedral School, near Washington, D. C., to-morrow, at 19:30 A. M., the closing exercises to be followed by a commencement reception.

Miss McAdams finished her school course with much distinction, having sales the usual two years course in one

taken the usual two years' course in one She is the daughter of the lat Mr. George B. McAdams and Mrs. Sally

Mr. George B. McAdams and Mrs. Sally Branch McAdams, and belongs to the most popular and exclusive society set of young people in Richmond.

Mrs. Charles P. Stokes and Mrs. McAdams are the guests of Mrs. F. Lewis Marshall, in Washington, and are attending the commencement exercises at Cathedral School. They began Saturday last, May 28th, with a brilliant dramatic entertainment, in which Miss McAdams took a conspicuous part.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Maclean, of Pittsburg, Pa., who have been spending the winter in Pinchurst, N. C., for the

s H. Schoonmaker, of Long Island, during his Valley campaign, in the War, was court-martialed for not

livii War, was command to molest or purn private property. Former Governor McCorkle alluded to this fact some years ago, when dining at Colonel Schoonmaker's house, and thanked the colonel for his instrument-

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try



pared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry, Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

Wedding Gifts.

We have an exquisite collection of the latest designs in Sterling Silverware and Rich Cut-Glass, that will please June brides.

Graduation Gifts.

Inexpensive, dainty gifts, appropriate graduation-gifts of intrinsic worth-which will be treasured by the graduate and forever recall the giver's generosity.

Let us show you the latest novelti es.

Schwarzschild Bros.,

Leading Jewelers, Cor. Second & Broad Sts.

allty in saving the Governor's ancestra

property.

Mr. and Mrs. MacLean are at No. 218
East Franklin Street.

Miss Williams's Pictures Sold.

Two lovels landsca pes in water color, done by Miss Adele Williams and hung at the art exhibit of the Richmond Art done by Miss Adele Williams and hung at the art exhibit of the Richmond Art. Club, No. 11 West Mexin Street, were sold yesterday. Mr. Franzikin Q. Brown, of New York, was the Durchaser of one of the pictures. He and his wife are the guests of Major and Mrs. James H. Dooley, at Maymont.

A water color picture by Frederick Ballard Williams was also sold on Saturday, and there now seems an excelent prospect for disposing of "Favorile," by Mr. Elliott Dangerfield: "The Pines at Sunset," by Charles Warren Eaton, and "Connecticut Hillside," by Will Howe Foote.

The tea given yesterday afternoon at the exhibition rooms of Mrs. George Ben Johnston, was an exceedingly delightful affair, and was well attended, the interest of many seeming to increase, in

terest of many seeming to increase, in proportion as the era d of the exhibition draws near. Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson will be the hostess of the exhibition rooms to-day from 4 to 7 P. M.

To be Incorporated.

To be Incorporated.

A number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the Richmand Training School for Kindergarteners what last week in the home of Mr. and Mr.s. B. B. Munford.

It was decided at the meeting that the board of trustees for the institution will be enlarged, and the school be incorporated so as to broaden the scope of its work and its influence. It is a matter of congratulation that Miss Parker, of Washington, D. C., will direct the school next year as heretocore.

At the Worman's Club.

At the Worman's Club.

Tea was served at the Woman's Club from 5 to 8 P. M. yesterday, and although the members to Hollywood, the parfors were pleasantly filled, the summer tea room in the rear of the auditorium, with its vases of sweet peas, its table and easy charrs, proving a most inviting spot. A number of callers dropped in for a rest and a glass of iced tea.

The club rather prides itself on its recipe for fruit punch. The secret of its compounding is one which they may well be congratulated on knowing, for the result is most delicious. At the Worman's Club.

the result is most delicious.

Mrs. D. T. William s has returned from a visit to her sister, Ln Pittsylvania county, and will be pleased to see her friends at No. 210 East Fran klin Street.

Mr. Herbert Sizer, the brother of Miss

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your ecupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do ne of fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof Charles Ellot Norton.

The Lamplighter.

BY STEVENSON.

One of the sweet est little poems of Robert Louis Stevenson's Child Garden of Verses is the one—that we print to-day. Stevenson was a very delicate child himself, and we get—an insight into his frail childhood, which watched with intense interest the culter life in which he was unable to take part himself. The blographical ske etch and portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson have already appeared in this ser—ies.

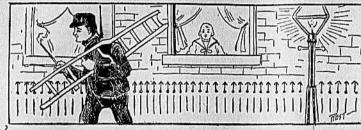


It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by: For every night at tea-time and before you take your

With la mtern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now To-m would be a driver and Maria go to sea, And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be; But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do, O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with your

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door, And Leerle stops to light it as he lights so many more; And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light, O Leeric, see a little child and nod to him to-night!



Josephine Sizer, of the is city, who has been quite ill at a private hospital on Sixty-tritt Sirect, New York, is considerably improved, and hopes soon to re-

Mr. and Mrs. John Leyburn Mercer have issued eards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Marry Waller Mercer,

The Ideal Floor Covering.

Hodges' Fibre Carpets & Rugs

Artistic. Sanitary and durable Suitable for any meason of the year-particularly so for summer.

This material has the effect of a beautiful carpet, The coolness of matting and twice sas durable. Patterns suitable for parlors

chambers, libraries, dining rooms Every size Rug amd Art Square

Special in Coina Matting, reliable quality, 25c, yeard.

Plain White Jap. Matting, with small figures woven in, special 20c.

Miller & Rhoads.

UPHOLSTERY DEEPARTMENT.

matriage to take place Wednesday, June 8th, at 4 o'clock, in Bruton Church, Wil-8th, at 4 0 classification of the liam bourg, Va.

One of the prominent social events in Richmond will be the marriage on Thurs-day afternoon of Miss Ray Hessburg to Mr. Isaac Hessburg, of New York, in the parlor of the Richmond Hotel.

Miss Emily Waddill and her cousin, Miss Walker, have left for Miss Walker, er's home, in King William county, where Miss Waddill will be Miss Walker's

Miss Otey Minor is visiting Mrs. Thomas E. Sebrell, in Colonial Avenue, Ghent.

Two fine portraits—one of Dr. J. Allison Hodges, and the other of Miss Nannie Smith—have just been completed by Miss Emima Moorehead Whitfield, and are now being exhibited in the windows of the Craig Att control greatly admired Craig Art Company, where they are

Mrs. Isa Carrington Cabell, the popular authoress, and a former resident of Richmond, will leave Norfolk about June 15th, with Miss Burnham, to travel in Europe during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Meredith, of Glouces-ter, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth J., to Dr. Henry D. Beyen, of Philadelphia. The wedding will take place in August.

Miss Mario Reid, of Norfolk, is visit-ing her sister Mrs. W. M. Marshall, of No. 401/2 East Main Street.

Miss Mollie Elliott Seawell, the well known Virginia writer, and Miss Hen-rietta Seawell, sailed Saturday last from New York for Antwerp.

rivat in Liverpool, England, of his son, Dr. Thomas W. Murrell, Dr. Murrell goos to attend a six-weeks clinical course in the Metropolitan Hospitals, London.

The marriage of Miss Carolyn Harris, the daughter of Mr. Overton Harris, of Louisville, Ky., and the niece of Misses Maria, Caroline and Mattie Harris, of this city, to Mr. Wilson Cochran will be a society event in Louisville society Wednesday, June 1st. The prospective bride was the special guest at a linen shower given Friday last by Miss May Lee Warner, and on Saturday evening she and Mr. Cochran were given an informal reception by Mrs. Edmund F. Trabue,

Miss Zulie Henry, Miss Brent Witt. Miss Katherine Blunt, Miss Bernico Stall and Miss Courtney Roundtree, a quintetto of Richmond girls, who have been attending Hollins during the past year, have returned home, where they have received the warmest of welcomes from their many friends.

Miss Lucile Strong, of Memphis, a young Southern girl, who up to the present has been living in a typical Southern home and singing her songs to the birds in her garden, has gone to New York, and is fast making a reputation for herself there as a talented vocalist.

Mr. James Alston Cabell, who spont last week in Ballimore and New York, where he had important business, was expected home the first of this week.

Mrs. George B. Jennings and children, of Atlanta, Ga., are the guests of Mrs. J. C. Shafer, on Hermitage Road.

Mr. J. C. Shafer left with Mr. George B. Jennings yesterday for a short visit to Atlanta.

NOTES AND GOSSIP OF NEW YORK SOCIETY

(Special to The Times-Dispatch,) NEW YORK, May 30,—Miss Edith Cryder, whose marriage to Mr. F. Lothrop Ames, of Boston, takes place to-morrow, will have a pink and white wedding. Miss will nave a pink and white wedding. Miss Cryder's wedding is invested with much interest from the fact that she is one of the famous Cryder triplets, and that the other two-her sisters, Ethel and Eisle-will be her bridesmaids, and wear cream lace gowns, combined with pink and carry pink flowers. The engagement of Miss Ethel Cryder to Mr. William Woodward has just been announced.

Mrs. William Thaw, of Pittsburg, sailed from this city May 28th for England, where she will spend the summer with her daughter, the Duchess of Yarmouth.

MAKES BREAD THAT FATTENS

BAKING

Nursing Mothers

Have a double demand upon strength and nourishment that is ideally met in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

It supplies the food needed by mother and child, aids convalescence, builds up the system, is easily retained and digested.

Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n

A visit to the World's Fair City is not complete without a trip to the Anheuser-Busch Brewery.



Stock of Vehicles of all Kinds.

SMITH & MURPHY, 214 NORTH FIFTH STREET



There is no better price than OURS for the BEST. There is no LARGER or more complete STOCK of ROOF-ING in the State. Write for samples and prices.

BALDWIN &BROWN

Opposite Old Market,
HARDWARB, TIN PLATE, TAR
PAPER, POULTRY NETTING,
WIRE FENCE, ETC., ETC.

Miss Eleanor Wilson, a classmate of the Duchess, and a bridesmald at her wedding, accompanied Mrs. Thaw. Miss Isabel May, a second bridesmald, will also be in England for the summer, so the Anglo-American peeress will have quite a little atmosphere of home life around her.

All of smart society is going wild over the marriage of Miss Elsie Whelen to Mr. Robert Goelet, which will take place June 14th, at St. Mary's Church, Wayne,

The bridal party will include Mrs. Craig Biddle, the bride's sister, and matron of honor; Miss Alice Roosevelt, Miss dle, Miss Edith Bruen, Mis Marion Haven and Miss Nora Iselin. Mr. Goelet will be attended by his cousin, Mr. Robert Ogden Goelet, as best man, and by Mr. Ogden Mills, Mr. William Whelen, Mr. Arthur Iselin, Mr. Henry Rogers Winthrop, Mr. Arthur Burden and Mr. Robert L, Gerry.

SOCIETY EVENTS IN CITY OF BALTIMORE

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) (Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

PALTIMORE, MD., May 30.—The wedding of Miss-Mary Campbell Murdoch,
the nicce of Miss Rebecca C. Murdoch, of
No. 15 East Franklin Street, to Dr. Mactier Warfield, will take place Wednesday,

IN THE SOCIAL LIFE

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30.-Washington people in smart society circles have not yet recovered from the effects of the auction sale at "Stewart Castle," the home until his second marriage of United States Senator Stewart. Curlosity seekers thronged the rooms as the collection included curios from many quarters of the globe gathered together be ters of the globe, gathered together by the senator's late wife.

se Douglas Wallach, of The honeymoon will be

and later will visit King Leopold in his summer palace at Ostend. Mr. Walsh is an intimate friend of the King, who is associated with him in mining inter-

Breakfast.

Strawberries with stems.
Broiled ham. Posched eggs on toast.
Corn battercakes. Rolls.
Coffee. Dinner.

beans.
Summer squash baked. New potatoes.
Sliced tomatoes.
Pincappie ice. Delicate cake.

Blackberries and cream.
Cold ham,
Boaten biscuit. Cheese straws.
Iced tea. Cold coffee.

WHITE ROSES.

When God first fashloned white roses, All scentless they lay in his hand, So pure that their transcendent white-ness

God took the first kiss of a maiden— With snow and with fire it was fille And out of its passionate sweetness A perfume divine he distilled.

No lover their meaning could miss; He put in the heart of each blossom One drop of that exquisite kiss.

"No; they are both dead. Indian peo-rie, they were. Indian people have a tragic way of dying young, Millicent lives with her aunt Lady Cantourre. And Lady Cantourre ought to have mar-And Lady Cantourne

riad 'ny respected father."
"Why did she not do so?"
'I'e shrugged his sh oulders-paused—sat up, and flicked a l≋rge moth off the

He shrugged his shoulders—paused—satup, and flicked a large moth off the arm of his chair. Then:

"Goodness only knows," he said.
"Goodness, and then selves. I suppose they found it out too late. That is one of the little risks of life."

She answered nothing.

"Do you think," he went on, "that there will be a speciael hell in the hereafter for parents who have sacrificed their children's lives to their own ambition? I hope there will be,"

"I have never given the matter the consideration it deserves," she answered.

consideration it deserves," she answered.
"Was that the reason? Is Lady Cantourise a more important person than Lady Mere lith?

"Yes."

She gave a little med of comprehension, as if he had raised a curtain for her to see into his life-into the far perspective of it, reaching back into the dim distance of fifty years before. For our lives do reach back into the lives of our fathers and grandfathers; the beginnings made there come down into our daily existence, s-haping our thought and action. That which stood between Sir John Meredith arad his son was not so much the present personality of Millicent Chyne as the Dast shadows of a disappointed life, an unloyed wife and an unsympathetic mother. And these things Jocelyn Gordora knew while 'she at, gazing with thoughtful eyes, w was almost ignora nt-gazing through

At last Jack Mere dith rose briskly, watch in hand, and Jocelyn came back to things of earth with a squick, gasping sigh which took her by surprise.

"Miss Gordon, will you do something for me?"

while last few days." he explained shile he wrote, "have awakened me to

ather an uncertain af Zair." He came towards her-, holding out the

paper. "If you hear-if any thing happens to me, would you be so ki nd as to write to Millicent and tell her of it? That is

She took the paper, and read the address with a dull sort of interest. "Yes," she said. "Yes, if you like. But

voice which made her smop suddenly. She did not fold the paper, but continued to read the address.

"No," he said, "not hing will. But would you not despise me man who could not seriew up his courage to face the possibility."

He wondered what sine was thinking about, for she did not seem to hear him

them struck the half-hot ar, and the sound seemed to recall her to "Are you going new?" she asked. "Yes," he answered, "She rose, and for a her hand. He was distinctly conscious of something left unsaid—of many things, He even paused on the randa, trying to think what it was that he had to say. Then he nushed aside he had to say. Then he pushed aside the hanging flowers an passed out, "Good bye!" he said, over his shoul-

in her hand. She con suited reading in a whisper; "Millicent Chyne-Milli-ent!" She con sulled it again,

"Millicent Chyne-Millicent!"
She turned the paper over and studied the back of it-almost as if she were trying to find what there was behind that rame.

Through the trees there rose and fell the music of the distant surf. Somewhere near at hand a water-wheel, slowly irrigating the rice-fields, cre-aked and groaned after the manner of water-wheels all over Africa. In all there was that sub-

ver Africa. In all there was that sub-ver Africa. In all there was that sub-o sense of unreality—th at utter lack of rmanency which touch es the heart of ie white exile in tropic lands, and lets e slip away without allowing the reality it to be felt. The girl sat there with the name before her-written on the little slip of pa-per-the only momento he had left her. CHAPTER XIX. IVORY. ""Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, Another thing to fall."

Rumor met Maurice Gordon almost at the outset of his journey northward. "Smallpox is raging on the Ogowe River," they told him. "The English expedition is stricken down with it. The

three leaders are dead.

But if he had acquired skepticism, he had lost his nerve. He put about and sailed back to Loango.
"I wonder," he muttered as he walked up from the beach to his office that same afternoon, "I wonder if Durnovo is among them?"

in his mind. He was a kind-hearted man, in his way—this Maurice Gordon, of Loange; but he could not disguise from himself the simple fact that the death of Victor Durnovo would be a distinct convenience and a most desirable relief. Even the best of us-that is to say, the present writer and his reader-have these inconvenient little feelings. There are people who have done us no particular injury, to whom we wish no particular harm, but we feel that it would be very expedient and considerate of them to die.

Thinking these thoughts Maurice Gor-

was true. There was a hunted, inwhole-some look in Durvono's eyes. He looked shaken, and failed to convey a sugges-tion of personal dignity. "Helloa!" exclaimed the proprietor of the decanter, "You look a bit chippy, I've heard you've got smallpox up at Msala."

Yes; and the fool wants to go back to-night. I have to meet him on the beach at 4 o'clock."

Maurice Gordon sat down, poured out for himself a glass of sherry, and drank, it thoughtfully.

Maurice Gordon looked over his shoul-der to see that the door was shut.

"You'll have to be very careful," he said. "The least slip might let it all out. Meredith has a quiet way of looking at one which disquiets me. He might find out."
"Not he," replied Durnovo confidently, "especially if we succeed; and we shall succeed—by God, we shall!"
Maurice Gordon made a little movement of the shoulders, as indicating a certain uneasiness; but he said nothing.
There was a pause of considerable duration, at the end of which Durnovo produced a paper from his pocket and

"That's good business," he said.
"Two thousand tusks," murmured Maurice Gordon. "Yes, that's good. Through Akmed, I suppose?"
"Yes. We can outdo these Arabs at

An evil smile lighted up Durnovo's sal-

Gordon, who had been handling the paper with the tips of his fingers, as if paper with the tips of his fingers, as if it were something unclean, threw it down

not seem to dirty black hands as it does white. They know no better." "Lord!" ejaculated Durnovo. "Don't let us begin the old arguments all over let us begin the old arguments all over again. I thought we settled that the trade was there; we couldn't prevent it, and therefore the best thing is to make hay while the sun shines, and then clear out of the country."

"But suppose Mercdith finds out?" reiterated Maurice Gordon, with the lamentable hesitation that precedes loss.

"If Mercdith finds out, it will be the worse for him."

"No one knows what goes on in the leart of Africa," said Durnovo, darkly. "But we will that trouble about that; Meredith won't find out." "Where is he now?"

"Where is he now?"

"With your sister, at the bungalow. A lady's man—that is what he is."

Victor Durnovo was smarting under a sense of injury, which was annoyingly indefinite. It was true that Jack Meredith had come at a very unpropitious moment; but it was equally clear that the intrusion ccuid only have been the result of accident. It was really a case of the third person who is no company, with aggravated symptoms. Durnovo had vaguely felt in the presence of either a subtle possibility of sympathy between Jocelyn Gordon and Jack Meredith. When he saw them together, for only a few minutes, as it happened, the sympathy rose up and buffeted him in the face, and he hated Jack Meredith for it. He hated him for a certain reposeful

up the flaws in other men, as the mas-terpiece upon the wall shows up the weaknesse of the surrounding pictures. But most of all, he hated him because Joselyn Gordon seemed to have some-thing in common with the son of Sir John Meredith-a world above the head of even the most siccessful trader on the coast-a world in which he, Victor Dur-novo, could never live and move at ease.

ease.

Beyond this, Victor Durnovo cherished the hatred of the Found Out, He felt instinctively that behind the courteous demeaner of Jack Meredith there was an himself, which Meredith had no intention

of divulging. of divulging.

On hearing that Jack was at the bungalow with Jocelyn, Maurice Gordon glanced at the clock and wondered how he could get away from his present visitor. The atmosphere of Jack Meredith's presence was preferable to that diffused by Victor Durnovo. There was a feeling of personal safety and dignity in the very sound of his voice which set a weak and easily-led man upon his feet.

But Victor Durnovo had something to say to Gordon which circumstances had

say to Gordon which circumstances had he said, leaning forward and throwing away the cigarette he had been smoking, "this Simiacine scheme is going to be the biggest thing that has ever been run on this coast."

"Yes," said Gordon, with the indiffer-ence that comes from non-participation.
"And I'm the only business man in it," significantly.
Gordon nodded his head, awaiting further developments.

"Which means that I could work another man into it. I might find out that we could not get on without him."
The black eyes seemed to probe the good-natured, sensual face of Maurice Gordon, so keen, so searching was their clance. "And I would be willing to do it-to make that man's fortune-provided-that he was-my brother-in-law."

"What the devil do you mean?" asked Gordon, setting down the glass that was half raised to his lips. "I mean that I want to marry-Jocelyn.

And the modern selicol of realistic, mawkishly foul novelists, who hold that love excuseth all, would have taken de-light in the passionate rendering of the girl's name.

"Want to marry Jocelyn, do you?"
answered Maurice, with a derisive little
laugh. On the first impulse of the mement he gave no thought to himself or
his own interests, and spoke with undisguised contempt. He might have been
speaking to a beggar on the roadside.
Durnovo's eyes flashed dangerously, and
his tobacco-stained teeth clinched for a
moment over his lower lip.

"That is my desire—and intention."
"Look here, Durnovo," exclaimed Gordon, "don't be a fool! Can't you see
that it is quite out of the question?"

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)



Carey's Roofing.

June 8th. in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, it noon.

Mrs. Ral Parr, one of the most promiare not young marrons of Baltimore, was a delightful hostess at the Baltimore Horst Show last week. Her smart gowns, her natty turn-outs, and her Horse Show parties were the theme of many tongues.

Horse Show parties were the theme of many tongues.

On June 2d, Thursday next. Miss Lydia Preston Reynolds, nicce of Miss Maria Trimble Davis, will be married to the Rev. Horace Wood Stowell, of Memorial

Church, Baltimore.

Baltimore, indeed, is happy in June
brides, for on the same day Miss Eleanor
Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bart-Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Battlett Johnston, and niece of Mrs. William G. McCormick, formerly of Chicago, but now of Baltimore, will be wedded to Mr. Edward Guest Gibson, son of the Rev. Frederick Gibson, at Cloverdale, Md. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Fatterson will spend the summer in their country home at Delhi, New York.

In the autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and Miss Majorie Patterson will go to

OF NATION'S CAPITAL

the genator's late wife.

An interesting June wedding in Washirgton will be that of Miss Neville Simms Taylor, daughter of Rear-Admira! Taylor, United States navy, to Lieutenant Walter Rockwell Gherad, United States navy. The ceremony will be performed June 4th in All-Saints' Church, at Chevy Chase, the father of the bride, the groom and his attendants to be in full uniform. The bride will have as her bridesmalds Miss Emily Neville Taylor, of New York; Miss Randolph, Miss Edith McCammon and Miss Rose Douglas Wallach, of Washington. The honeymoon will be

and Miss Rose Douglas Wallach, of Washington. The honeymoon will be spent in Newport, R. L.

The Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Faramond, who were married in Washington last week, will be at Lenox, the guests of the Baron and Baroness von Sternburg, when they return from France, where they have gone on a wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Walsh will soon sail for Europe. They will take an establishment for the Longchamps races, and later will visit King Leopold in his

THE DAY'S MENU,

MAY 31ST

Puree of green peas. Breast of yeal stuffed. Bacon and string

Pineapple ice. De Coffee. Supper.

No mortal could e'er understand.

God smiled as he finished his roses-

-Alice E. Atlen, in Good Housekeeping

Mr. and Mrs. Maclean Here.

improvement of Mrs. Maclean's health, are in Richmond for a several weeks' Buy,
Mrs. Maclean is the sister of Colonel
Mrs. of Long Island,

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

Society Gossip.

WITH EDGED TOOLS.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT. You Will Want to Re. ad this Story

. . ONE OF MERRIMAN'S STRONGEST BOO_KS . .

CHAPTER XVIII .- CONTINUED.

"Miss Gordon, will you do something for me?"
"With pleasure."
He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and, going to the table, he wrote on the paper with a pencil permedent at his watch-

the lamentable fact that human life is

the address."

-nothing must happen to you." There was a slight un steadiness in her ce which made her stop suddenly. She not fold the paper, but continued to

A clock in the draw ing-room behind them struck the half-hour, and the sound

Another thing to fall."

One of the peculiarities of Africa yet to be explained is the almot supernatural rapidity with which rumor travels. Across the whole breadth of this darkest continent a mere bit of gossip has made its way in a month. A man may divulge a secret, say, at St. Paul de Loanda take ship to Zanzibar, and there his own secret will be told to him.

had not lived four Maurice Gordon had not lived four years on the West African coast in vain.

Thinking these thoughts, Maurice Gor-on arrived at the factory and went traight to his own office, where he found the object of them-Victor Durnovo— litting in consumption of the office

"So I have. I've just heard it from Meredith."
"Just heard it—is Meredith down here,

"Do you know, Durnovo," he said emphatically, "I have my doubts about Meredith being a fool." "Indeed!" with a derisive laugh, "Yes."

low face. When he smiled, his droop-ing, curtain-like moustache projected in human face wonder what his mouth was

on the table again.
"Y—es." he said, slowly; "but it does

Maurice Gordon's attention, and glanced uneasily at his companion.

face, and he hated Jack Meredith for I. He hated him for a certain reposeful sense of capability which he had at first set down as conceit, and later on had learned to value as something innate in blood and education which was not conceit. He hated him because his gentlemanliness was so obvious that it showed



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